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## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

DURING the Lancashire riots of 1878, a mob of rough men went out of Burnley with the intention of wrecking one of the houses which stood a little way out of the town. The owner of the house, one of the employers, was away from home; but his young wife had remained, and was alone with her servants. Hearing that the dreaded mob was coming, she went out and stood at her door to receive the rioters. Seeing her, they paused; then she addressed them, told them that her husband was away, and that she was there alone at their mercy. She offered them what food she had, and asked them to go and leave her in peace. The result of this appeal was remarkable. The rioters threw down the stones which they had brought with them to cast at the windows, and went away quietly, leaving her house untouched. Such is woman's influence. Strong in her very weakness, she tamed the rude mob, which would have laughed at threats, and been deaf to any other appeal.

There could not be a better illustration than this of the strange power which a good woman can exercise over men. But the exercise of this power is nothing new, as the pages of history can testify. From the very earliest times, the influence of women has had a very marked effect for good or for evil over the lives of men with whom they have come in contact. It was through the influence of Marcia that the Christians were leniently treated by the vicious and cruel Emperor Commodus in the second century. Again, it is well known that no one had any influence over the passionate Emperor of Russia, Peter the Great, but his wife; as a celebrated writer says: 'She acted as mediator between the monarch and his subjects.' These and many other instances which must occur to the mind of any reader of history, only shew that there is a great amount of truth in the aphorism which states that 'men are what women make them.'

If the influence of women is so great—if their society has such a great effect on the lives and

characters of the men with whom they are associated—and if this influence is to be for good, it is very plain that they must be regarded as the social equals and not the social inferiors of men. One of the greatest mistakes that the world has ever made has been that of regarding women as inferior to men, simply because of their physical inferiority. In consequence of this mistake, men have at all times and in all parts of the earth seriously injured themselves. Instead of looking upon woman as a 'helpmeet' for man, the tendency has been to regard her merely as a slave or plaything; and so the true position of woman has been altogether lost sight of. In degrading woman, man degrades himself; therefore, by raising women—or rather by not allowing them to sink below the position which they were intended to fill—men in reality serve their own interests. The position of woman is fully recognised throughout the inspired writings, and in whatever place Christianity has been recognised, woman has been raised to her proper position of 'helpmeet' to man, and consequently permitted to develop her higher qualities, and exercise her refining influence unchecked. Thus the responsibility of women under the Christian régime is very great. With increased influence comes increased power for good or evil. And this power may be exercised in a variety of ways.

In many cases a woman is a 'helpmeet' to some particular person, such as her husband. As a rule, the influence of a wife over her husband is very great. Insensibly she guides him; with keen perception she detects his best qualities, and encourages him to develop them; with loving tenderness she points out the faults in his character, and with sympathy that none but a woman can shew, helps him to do battle against them. If he is despondent, she is hopeful; if he lacks perseverance, she animates him with her energy; if he is crushed with sorrow, she is strong for his sake; if he is distracted with anxious cares, she is his counsellor; and if all the world looks coldly on him, if friends fall away in the day of trouble,

she shares his lot, and clings to him still. Thus, a true woman may guide a man over the ocean of life, keep him in his best course, and bring him safely past many a dangerous reef; just as a single hand on the wheel can steer the strongest vessel over waves which would drift the rudderless bark to destruction.

Then a woman may exercise the most powerful influence for good over a father or a brother. How often has a daughter been the means of reclaiming a father from evil, and leading him to develop good qualities that have long lain dormant? Many a man has torn himself from vicious company—many a man has been reclaimed from the path of the drunkard, through the holy influence of a daughter; and in the same way many a brother has been kept in the path of honour and virtue by a sister's influence.

But a good woman's influence may extend far beyond her own home circle. When she meets her friends and acquaintances in social life, when she goes among strangers, her presence must make itself felt in some way, especially by men. A refined gentle woman exercises, unconsciously, a powerful influence for good over every man with whom she comes in contact. She wins respect—without which her influence can never be for good—because she is refined, gentle, and womanly. She holds men's passions in check by that strange and commanding power which virtue alone can give. And by shewing in her life, in her actions, and by her sympathy how divine a thing a woman may be made, she elevates the tone of every man who knows her; and does more to promote purity and a real love of virtue than sermons from a thousand pulpits.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman can only exert her influence for good, as a wife and mother. There are some women who think that marriage alone can place them in a sphere of real usefulness. But it is to be hoped that women are learning better; for under any circumstances, a woman cannot associate with men or women without to some extent affecting their characters. Moreover, the influence of women is great in any station of life. Whether a woman is a princess or a maid-of-all-work, there are some lives on which her influence must tell for good or evil. The higher a woman's social position, the greater is her responsibility, it is true; but she cannot live in any position without being responsible in some degree for the way in which her influence is exerted. On the banks of a canal in Belgium, there is a chapel built in memory of a good and virtuous barnmaid, so that even in such a calling, where women are exposed to contaminating influences and great temptations, it is nevertheless possible for them to win respect and use their influence for good.

There is no necessity to point out how fatally a woman's influence may be exerted for evil. As wives, unscrupulous women may suppress all that is noble in the characters of their husbands, and develop all that is base; as mothers, they may bring up their children to be worldly, scheming, and utterly devoid of principle; and as fast, pleasure-seeking girls, they may exercise the most pernicious influence on the men who admire them and seek their society. It is to be regretted that so many women in all classes are so careless about their responsibility, and so thoughtless

about the way in which they exercise their influence over others, especially men. If men are what women make them, it is time that women should learn to appreciate their position, and realise the great responsibility their influence entails upon them. There would not be so many fast and dissolute men, if women shewed (as they could if they chose) a disposition to shun the society of such men. If they were to treat dissolute men as they treat their erring sisters, there would not be so many rouds, and what is more important, there would not be so many women among their victims.

Among the lower classes especially, women might use their influence far more effectually than they do. There is no reason why there should not be more refinement among them, and why they should not use their influence to check foul language and drunkenness. If English women would keep the young men of our towns and villages waiting for wives until they gave up swearing and drinking, a very wholesome reformation would soon be effected among the godless and coarse youths of the country. 'Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country,' says Aime Martin, 'the women of it decide the morals.' The better this fact is recognised by women, and the more frequently women are found to act as if they understood its truth, the purer and better in every way will men become. But it is very certain that women will never increase their influence for good if they follow the example of that miserable minority among their sex who clamour for what they are pleased to term 'woman's rights.' It is a woman's right to be honoured, respected, beloved, so long as she remains, in the highest sense of the word, womanly. And if she retains this right, she needs no other; and will exercise a refining and purifying influence, that will continue to live and act long after the days of her pilgrimage are over.

## A LIFE'S ATONEMENT.

### CHAPTER XIX.—AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*The mystery in which he moved was unforgotten and unforgettable.*

THINGS went smoothly with me at Hartley Hall for many days. Maud was my tutor and my chief companion, and was still the same sad and gentle creature as at first. I learned something of her secret from herself and something from Sally; and looking back on myself at that time, I am inclined to believe that I knew the melancholy story of her lost lover as well as I know it now. It was Sally's one romance; and being at that time of somewhat a romantic turn myself, we fell continually upon it in our talk. Sally was especially fertile in suppositions as to the whereabouts of the lost lover, over whom so singular a mystery hung. She was sanguine of his return, and of Maud's final happiness; and sometimes amused herself and me by wild imaginations in which she pictured his coming back in a coach-and-four with outriders. After these flights, a reaction generally took place, and she cried, and had mournful thoughts of what would happen if Bob should disappear. At the close of one of these conversations, which had wound up in the common way, a housemaid tapped at the door of my room, and asked for Mrs

Troman; for by that name Sally was known to the household.

'There's a person at the back wants to see you,' said the housemaid.

'What sort of a person?' asked Sally.

'In black clothes, with a sandy beard on,' the housemaid answered.

'Say I'll be down directly, if you please,' said Sally; and the housemaid departed smiling. My faithful friend gripped me and kissed me, and laughed and wiped her eyes, blushing all the time, and said, as she smoothed her hair with her fingers: 'Master Johnny, I believe it's Bob.'

There was something so comic and so pleased in Sally's fluttered expectation, and I was so glad at the thought of seeing Bob again, that I laughed and clapped my hands. Sally laughed and clapped her hands; and we went down-stairs together. There, in a paved yard behind the kitchen stood Bob, attired in funereal, holiday black, and a tall hat, and white thread gloves—like an undertaker's mute. He saluted Sally by one nod of the head, sideways, and said to me: 'Well, young master,' as though he had seen me yesterday. I shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, to which he responded: 'Theer's nothin' the matter wi' me, so fur as I know;' and then nodded his head at Sally again. He was so very solemn, that I began to think he had some bad news to communicate; but just as the fear crossed me, he grinned very broadly and winked at Sally, relapsing instantly, and looking as solemn as before. The wink and the grin were accompanied by a backward jerk of the head; and the three taken altogether seemed intended as an invitation to 'a more removed ground.' That Sally accepted them in that sense, was evident; for with a brief injunction to us both to wait a moment, she retired into the house, and presently appeared with my cap, and a bonnet for herself. Then we all walked solemnly into the kitchen-garden, and Bob after his own manner unfolded his purpose. He spoke with a very broad Staffordshire accent and with great deliberation.

'Have yo heerd annythin' about the war as we am gooin' to have wi' Roosia?'

'I have heard tell of it,' Sally answered.

'Do yo remember Bill Hince, Becky Hince's brother?'

'Of course I do,' said Sally.

'He's 'listed for it,' said Bob, turning his head round slowly in his high shirt collar, and rolling his eyes on Sally, who said 'Dear me!' in a tone of some distress.

'Yis,' said Bob, still keeping a solemn eye on Sally across his collar; 'he's 'listed; an' he ain't the only one as ull 'list. Mind that.'

'No!' said Sally, in a questioning way.

'No,' said Bob, biting at the word; 'he ain't. I know a feller as wot be long behind him, if things ain't altered. I know a feller as ull goo back to-night, an' 'list to-morrer, if things do't get along more prosperous-like.'

'Dear me!' said Sally in a tone of disinterested assent.

'Yis,' said Bob, ruffling his beard against his collar, and still keeping his eyes on Sally; 'I know a cove as ull be off to-morrer, if things ain't altered. An' what's more, he ain't fur off.'

'Really now,' said Sally, with an eminently artificial toss of the head; 'you don't say so.'

'I say so,' Bob returned with great gravity. 'Good-bye, Sally.' But Sally released my hand, and stood before him, crying with an hysterical break in her voice: 'O no, Bob; you couldn't!'

'I could,' said Bob stolidly; 'an' what's more, I wull, if things ain't altered. I hain't gooin' to be kep' danglein' no longer. Settle it how you like it. Say "Yis," an' I'll stay. Say "No," an' I'll be off an' 'list for the Roosian war to-morrer.'

'O Bob!' cried Sally, 'how can you be so cruel? Think of the child.'

'I've done little else but think o' the chile the last five year,' said Bob a little sulkily.

When things had gone so far, I understood the drift of the conversation perfectly. Sally would not leave me to marry Bob, and Bob was making it a question of choice between us.

'Why,' I asked in a sudden inspiration, 'couldn't Bob come and be a carpenter in the village? Higgs is dead.'

'Higgs is dead, is he, young master?' Bob responded.

Sally, who was on her knees, hugging me for the suggestion, looked up, and explained that Higgs now defunct had been the village carpenter; and that since his demise, there was nobody of the trade nearer than Wrethedale.

'Will that suit yo?' said Bob.

Sally swiftly and slyly snatched loose one of my boot-laces as she knelt beside me, and whilst she tied it up with her face very close to the ground, with only her red ears to shew how much she was blushing, made answer: 'Yes; it'll suit me very well, Bob, if it'll suit you.'

'That's all right, then,' said Bob; and Sally, rising from her knees, adjusted my collar and set my cap with unnecessary exactness; and finally, having kissed me in such a vigorous fashion as to rumple my collar about my ears and knock my cap off, she fell to wiping her eyes with her apron. The matter being thus happily adjusted, they began to discuss ways and means in a calm and business-like fashion, over the remembrance of which I have laughed a hundred times. But Bob had a surprise in store for us, which turned out to be eventually a greater surprise than he intended. When the time had come for him to leave—for he had availed himself of an excursion to the Cathedral city fifteen miles away to get a cheap journey over here, and was bound to catch the homeward train—he pulled out something from his pocket. It was carefully wrapped up in brown paper, and after the removal of numerous foldings it revealed itself as a gold watch with a handsome chain attached.

'I meant yo to ha' this,' said Bob, 'whether yo said "Yis" or "No." An' now I've got a bone to pick wi' you. Why dissent [didst not] thee call o' me when yo come down last time along o' young master here; eh?'

'Well, Bob,' said Sally taking the watch and chain, wondering, from his outstretched hand, 'I ought to ha' come, I know; but we was in such trouble, an' in such a hurry.'

'Trouble,' he repeated. 'What about?'

'Why,' she answered, 'there's a poor young gentleman from over yonder'—she pointed towards Island Hall—'as disappeared sudden-like, nobody knowin' why, an' Master Johnny saw him close by mother's cottage, in clothes like a workin'-man's; and we went there wi' the poor gentleman's

brother to see if we could hear anything about him.'

Whilst she spoke Bob regarded her with a look of wonder so remarkable, that she was impelled to take him by the hands; and they stood so, looking into each other's eyes for half a minute.

'Why, the poor creetur,' said Bob at last. 'O Sally, Sally, yo' ought to ha' come to me. We might ha' found him. He's gone to the war.'

'What does the man mean?' cried Sally, looking terrified and eager at once.

'Do yo' remember, Sally, the night as yo' left along o' Johnny an' the lady as come for him?'

'Yes, yes,' she said, and waited.

'That very night, as I was walkin' o'er the Waste, I found a mon i' the road, pretty nigh dead. I thought at fust as he was drunk, but I picked him up, an' found as he seemed nigh dyin'. So I carries him whum wi' me; an' mother, her gets him to bed, an' he lies theer for pretty nigh three we'ks wi' rheumatic fever. He was dressed like a workman, but his hands was all o'er wi' rings an' as pretty as a lady's. Well, one mornin' when we gets up we finds him gone, an' that theer watch an' cheen on the table, an' just a scrap o' paper wrote all shaky like, sayin': 'Thank you; keep it for your trouble.'

'It must be him,' cried Sally. 'But what do you mean by saying he's gone to the war?'

'Why,' said Bob, speaking to the full as eagerly as she, 'Joe Brittle come in one night when he was lyin' theer, an' see him abed i' the kitchen, an' about five we'ks later, he went into Brummagem o' business, an' see him again with a recruitin' sergeant, an' knowed him at once.'

'Come to Mr Hartley,' said Sally, laying hands upon him once more—'come to Mr Hartley. He'd give a thousand pounds for this news.'

We passed into the house. In the eagerness of my interest, I followed Sally to the door of Uncle Ben's private room, furnished—like no other apartment I had ever seen at that time—in the fashion of a business-office. There Sally poured out an incoherent breathless story, finishing up by placing the watch in Mr Hartley's hands.

Uncle Ben rose in a state of great excitement.

'Bring the man here at once,' he said.—'Tell me what you know about this feller, Johnny.'

I told him briefly what I knew of Sally's sweetheart. There was very little to tell; but before I had well done, Sally, in defiance of all decorum, came bursting into the room with Bob behind her. The examination lasted but a few minutes. I was sent from the room whilst Bob told his story, and being called back again, told mine. Uncle Ben sat down at a table, and wrote one or two hasty lines, telling Sally to ring the bell meanwhile. He gave an order that a horse should be saddled, and that the groom should ride at speed to Island Hall with a note for Mr William Fairholt. Then we were all dismissed for the time, and as we left the room Uncle Ben took the watch to the window, where he examined it with great closeness.

I should be satisfied if I could convey only a hint of the manner in which this reappearance of the stranger whom I had seen beside the clay-pit affected me. I speak of this renewal of my memories of him as a reappearance advisedly, and without exaggeration. He came back to my mind as clearly as though I had only seen him yester-

day, with all the sense of mystery which belonged to him, and all the terror he inspired. And in a way which is common to imaginative children I began in fancy to associate my life with his, until for the time I was absolutely certain that by me, or in some occult manner through me, and only by or through me, the mystery would be cleared, and the lost man discovered. It would have been stranger than it was, if my enforced association with his history had not seemed strange. I had been deeply impressed by the discovery of his identity when I went down with Sally to our old home in the Black Country, but this last reiteration of my own part in the story made the mark deeper. I will not forestall the tale I have to tell, but it seems to me now not less marvellous than it seemed then. I, a child playing negligently in the Black Country, encounter, by what seems the wildest accident of chance, a relative of mine who for some inexplicable reason has thrown away the most brilliant hopes and snapped the promise of a happy life in two. Three days later, by what again seems but an accident of chance, I find myself, not knowing it, settled in the home he has for ever deserted. Further on, lest I should lose the remembrance of his face, he appears again, is identified, and so stamps his own portrait on my brain that I could not fail to know him if I saw him among ten thousand. Yet again I find the very garments he wore when I first saw him, and with them the link between the well-dressed and the ill-dressed stranger. Yet again through my migration here, I draw my old nurse's sweetheart to the only place in the world where the story he had to tell could have been even of the faintest service.

Henceforth Frank Fairholt and the mystery in which he moved were unforgotten and unforgettable.

Whilst I still pondered these things in my childish mind, Cousin Will, with the groom a little way behind him, came pounding along the avenue on horseback, and made straight for the hall-door, as if he would have ridden into the house. He pulled up within a yard or two of the steps, dismounted, and hurried in. He was closeted with Uncle Ben for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when Bob and Sally were sent for, and I was left alone. Before another quarter of an hour had gone by, he was away again. It was arranged that a bed should be found for Bob, and that he should leave on the morrow. I was not as a rule allowed to go about the servants' quarters, but on this occasion nobody interfered with me, and Bob and Sally being formally invited to the housekeeper's room, I invited myself thither, and we spent the evening together. The talk was all of young Mr Fairholt and Miss Maud; and the housekeeper described to us how clever and how handsome young Mr Fairholt was, and what a favourite in the county. She was a very stately old lady, was the housekeeper, and I had an idea that she would have rather looked down on Bob on common occasions, and that it was only the interest she felt in the singular story of which his narrative formed a part, which induced her so to condescend to him at all. But Bob was very respectful, and very communicative. He remembered all the things his mother had told him about the stranger's broken sayings in his illness,



and repeated some of them, which left no doubt upon our minds, and could leave no doubt upon the mind of any, of the sick man's identity. When the time came for me to go to bed, I thought all these things over and drifted into sleep with the strangest mixture in my mind of myself with them. In my dreams they mingled again with all the figures I had known. On all these confused and intricate fancies a red light seemed to fall, and I came back to my own bedroom again, and heard a voice say brokenly: 'It was God's hand that brought him here.' Looking up, I saw Maud and Uncle Ben regarding me together. There were traces of new tears upon her face, but there was a light of hope upon it too, by which it seemed almost transfigured. Uncle Ben put out his hand and stroked my hair when he saw that I was awake, and bade me go to sleep again. They both kissed me, and went away quietly with the lamp, leaving the suffering and hope of Maud's face somehow present with me. It touched me vaguely, yet keenly, into tears; and before I fell asleep again, I knelt in my bed and prayed that she might be comforted, and her hope fulfilled.

I was present on the morrow at another conference between Sally and her lover, in the course of which it was definitely arranged that Bob, who had saved a little money, should migrate to the village, bringing his mother with him, and that as soon as it could be seen how things were likely to turn out, they should be married, allowing always that the prospect seemed favourable. Before he went away in the afternoon, Uncle Ben sent for him, and after being absent for about five minutes, Bob returned, with a beaming countenance.

'I took the freedom, like,' said Bob, 'of tellin' of him, as a man may say, as I was a comin' here to settle down; and he gin me this.' Opening his hand, he displayed two or three gold coins cautiously, and closed his fingers over them again. 'He seems to be wonderful pleased at havin' come across anybody as knowed the poor young gentleman; and the young gentleman's brother is a-goin' down wi' me to find Joe Brittle, an' see if he can find the recruitin' sergeant.'

Not long after this, Cousin Will drove up in the dog-cart; and Bob taking his place behind with the groom was whirled away to the railway station.

Perhaps three weeks later, as nearly as, after this interval, I can compute the time, Mr Fairholt, Cousin Will, and a gentleman whom I had not seen before, were at Uncle Ben's table at luncheon. Mr Fairholt looked greatly aged, and the irritability of his manner had notably increased. Everybody treated him with an air of pitiful respect, and I thought I noticed that he resented this. The gentleman whom I had not seen before had blue eyes, and a complexion like a lady's. He wore his hair rather long, and it was parted in the middle and golden like a girl's. He had a long silky light-coloured moustache, with which he played with delicate and much jewelled fingers. He was dressed in black, and seemed very languid and quiet. I sat next to Maud, who somewhat to my humiliation minced my food for me as she was in the habit of doing. I could see that she was in a state of much agitation, and I noticed that Cousin Will glanced at her often with a pained and anxious look. There was but little talk

during the progress of the meal. There were no servants present, but the conversation on indifferent matters went very dismally, and nobody seemed inclined to eat.

'Well, Mr Fairholt,' said Uncle Ben at last addressing Cousin Will, 'I think you've taken the very best course as could be taken, and I wish you luck. Here's to you. And I hope as them above'll guide you, and bring you safe back again.' He poured out a glass of claret with a shaky hand, and his eyes glistened as he drank it.

'I would rather not discuss this question, now,' said old Mr Fairholt in an absent tremulous way. Then turning to me, he added: 'You can run into the garden, Johnny, and amuse yourself.'

'Oh, never mind the child,' said Uncle Ben, with a jovial loudness which it was easy to see was not quite natural to him at the moment; 'he's all right where he is. I think Mr William's right in not takin' a commission, Mr Fairholt. It might hamper his movements and keep him from coming back again with a good grace. If you find him,' he said turning again to Cousin Will, 'well and good. You can fight it through then, and get attached to his regiment, no doubt, and bring him to reason, an' anyhow he'll have somebody to look after him. If you want any influence used at home, let me know, and all I can do, I will do.'

'I am assured of that, Mr Hartley,' said Cousin Will.

'An' you'll sail together?' said Uncle Ben turning to the lady-like gentleman.

The lady-like gentleman nodded. 'The Lieutenant's out there a'ready,' said Uncle Ben. 'If you meet him, you tell him not to be afraid of anythin'; not even of drawin' on his father. Tho' I never knowed him to be particular afraid of that, either.' He chuckled as he said this, and turned round on Mr Fairholt. 'That *ain't* a thing as they're afraid of as a rule.—Is it Mister?'

'There is a circumstance, sir,' said Mr Fairholt, 'of which you cannot claim ignorance, which might have restrained that question.'

Uncle Ben arose and stretching out his hand to Mr Fairholt, cried: 'I beg your pardon, sir. Nothin' meant, I do assure you. I wouldn't, for the world.'

Mr Fairholt arose stiffly, and feigning not to see the outstretched hand before him, said: 'I came to your house, Mr Hartley, at my son's request, to recognise what he chose to regard as a quite disinterested friendship for his brother, and a kindly interest in his unhappy fate. I was not ignorant, sir, of the motive which created your regard for my poor Francis, and it is a comfort to me in the midst of my sorrow to know that your plan is frustrated. But I should have carried my knowledge away with me silently, but for the open and gratuitous insult you have now put upon me. I wish you a very good-day, sir.'

He started to go, overturning his chair in his haste, but he paused at the sound of Uncle Ben's voice. Casting a frightened look about the table, I saw that the one stranger to me was regarding Mr Fairholt with a look of languid curiosity, and that Maud and Will and Uncle Ben were all pained, though evidently in different ways.

'You're an old man, sir,' said Uncle Ben, 'an' I've been told you're a gentleman, an' you've had a lot o' trouble, as I'm well aware. Now them's three claims as you've got on my respect, and I'll

bear 'em in mind. But don't you come into my house again, till you've changed your opinion o' me. As for what you may say about motives, why, look here : I can give my niece enough to make a Dook glad of her, if I like, let alone a country gentleman.'

'Mr Hartley !' said Will in a low tone of remonstrance. Uncle Ben's eyes following the direction of the other's glance, fell upon Maud, who was blushing painfully. She cast an appealing glance at her uncle, and hurried from the room.

'All the same,' Uncle Ben went on, 'I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings, and I didn't mean to do it; an' between man an' man, I won't and can't say more.'

'I am sure, father,' said Will, 'that Mr Hartley had no wish to offend.'

'I do not care,' said Mr Fairholt, 'to be troubled with an endeavour which would probably be perpetual to distinguish between the desire to offend and the incapacity to avoid the commission of offences. I accept Mr Hartley's apology; and I believe he had no wish to hurt my feelings by his very inconsiderate speech. But I will take Mr Hartley at his word, and will not intrude again upon his hospitality.' With that Mr Fairholt left the room, with an air of quivering dignity, having first bowed to Uncle Ben, who regarded him with a stern and unbending countenance. Cousin Will stood for a moment as if uncertain how to act. Recovering himself, he spoke a few hasty words to Uncle Ben and hurried out of the room after Mr Fairholt. The lady-like gentleman all the time remained seated, and when Will had gone he faced round in his chair and looked at his host. Uncle Ben shook his head gravely, and quitted the room by the door through which Maud had passed. The stranger beckoned me across to him with his forefinger, and told me a fairy story, of which I can remember nothing now, but that there was a droll blue-bottle in it, whose singular sayings and doings convulsed me with laughter. He began his narrative with no sort of preface or exordium; and when he had finished it he rose gravely, shook hands with me with much ceremony, and walked to the door. I had been delighted with the fairy tale, but this curious behaviour rather disconcerted me. I suppose my looks expressed it, for he turned round gaily and said that I should arrive some day at man's estate, and that I was never to forget that the two things which made small boys happy were fairy tales and tips. Then taking a sovereign from a netted purse, he put it into my hand. 'Be this,' he said, laying one hand upon my head, and striking an extravagant attitude, 'the soldier's epitaph graven on thy young heart: "He, a stranger, unfolded to my young mind the veracious history of the comic fly, and tipped me a sov at parting." Fare thee well.' With that he patted my head rather heavily, and went out with a walk which I afterwards discovered to be an imitation of that of Mr Charles Kean, but which seemed to me at the time a very extraordinary performance. I was not at all sure that the lady-like gentleman might not be a harmless lunatic. I ventured that night to put the suggestion before Maud, who rebuked me for it, and told me that Mr Hastings was very clever indeed, and that he was going out, like a brave man, to fight against the Russians in the

Crimea—'and to try to find,' she said, but checked herself suddenly, and walked away. I followed her to the window and slid my hand into hers to comfort her. She drew me to her side, and we sat there whilst the mist and the darkness met each other and hid from us the trees which surrounded Island Hall. But when I looked, I saw a light upon her face, and as the shadows gathered round us, she sang to me.

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS IN 1879.

ALTHOUGH the year 1879, on account of its extreme wet and dull weather, was the worst possible for the purposes of sun-pictures, it will be ever memorable in the annals of the photographer because it has seen a marvellous revolution in the manner in which his work is conducted. The substitution of a film of gelatine for the time-honoured collodion, as a support for the chemicals sensitive to light, has already formed the subject of a short article in these pages; but the importance of the matter, affecting as it does many of the arts and sciences, thousands of photographic artists, and indirectly every one who cares to sit for his portrait, warrants a more extended notice of the new process.

The employment of gelatine in photographic manipulations is in itself not new; indeed it was used in one way before collodion itself. Glass-plates and paper coated with gelatine were sensitised in the silver-bath; but the results were so unsatisfactory that the process was soon abandoned. The first attempt at the gelatine process of to-day was that published by Dr Maddox in 1871. It was gradually improved by many different workers; and hints of its wonderful simplicity, rapidity, and general excellence found their way occasionally to the newspapers. But its practice was limited to the hands of a few experimenters and amateur photographers. Professional photographers would have nothing to do with it. The old collodion process gave them certain results—their clients were pleased with those results; and what was the use of trying a new process full of uncertainties, and requiring new chemicals and appliances? Perhaps the professional photographer was right; perhaps too, guided a little by that laziness common to us all, which lets the wheel run in the same rut year after year, so long as it serves our purpose to do so. It is true that the gelatine process was rather uncertain in its action; but this uncertainty was due not to any inherent defect in the process itself, but to the ignorance of its action and treatment which must accompany the adoption of all things new.

The year 1879 has, however, seen such rapid improvement in the gelatine method of photography, and the proofs of its work have been so marvellous in their nature, that the professional suddenly woke up to the desirability of giving it a trial. This he was easily enabled to do; for a new trade has sprung up having for its object the supply of sensitive dry plates for photographic purposes. These plates are supplied in boxes impervious to light, and are ready at a moment's notice for use in the camera.

Under the new process most of the difficulties are obviated. It is so rapid in its action, that a picture can be taken in very dull weather; indeed on a rainy day, with a leaden sky, the exposure in

the camera need not exceed one second. Indeed, on bright days the difficulty found is to make the exposure short enough; and many mechanical aids to secure this—to which we shall presently allude—have been devised. The sitter has merely to take his place; the plate is ready; the operator focuses the image in the camera; and while his customer is unconsciously laughing and talking, his portrait is instantaneously secured. The development of the image need not be proceeded with at once, as in the wet process, but can be postponed until next day—or next year if need be. This delay is of vast importance to a busy operator, who can leave this part of his work until the evening, when customers have heretofore ceased to present themselves.

The new process, however, affords the means of taking portraits at night, and some photographers specially invite this branch of custom. The electric light is of course sufficient in intensity for either the wet or dry process; but few photographers care to go to the expense of the plant necessary to produce it. Another artificial light has been devised for the photographer under the name of the 'luxograph.' This light is due to the combustion of a pyrotechnic mixture, in which powdered metallic magnesium plays a prominent part. But sufficient light can be obtained from coal-gas for the purposes of gelatine photography. The kind of burner used is that known as the Wigham light. This light has been adopted in many of the Irish light-houses, and is nightly to be seen in London shining, when parliament is sitting, from the summit of the Westminster clock tower. It consists of an assemblage of ordinary fish-tail burners, crowned with an oxidiser of talc. This insures complete combustion; and the light given is most intense. The fact that gas can be had at command, makes this light peculiarly convenient to the photographer.

It may be thought that extreme rapidity is not of great consequence in taking a photograph; but the man who has to earn his bread by the work will tell us that many of the subjects who daily come before him, require specially quick treatment. Nor does he refuse such sitters, for he knows well that they will go to some other artist who will prove more complaisant. Of these tiresome clients, the one he most dreads is the inevitable baby. A dog is bad enough; but it can by certain deceitful noises more or less resembling rats and cats, its natural foes, be made to prick its ears and keep still for a moment or two. But the baby is not half so obedient. It will kick, squall, and do everything else common to babyhood, but it will not be photographed. Most photographic artists keep a small stock of toys, whistles, bells, drums, and other noisy artifices to delude fractious humanity into momentary quietude. Occasionally these pacific engines are effective; but more often the baby's picture turns out to be so excessively vague about the eyes and mouth, that it is at once condemned as a gross libel upon the 'darling little cherub.' This was often the case under the old regime. But now, thanks to gelatine, there is no need to keep baby quiet. He may jump, tear his hair if he has any, kick to his heart's content, in short comport himself in any way he may think proper; but whatever he does, the gelatine is too

quick for him. A string is pulled or a button is pressed, and baby's image is captured, 'a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever,' to his delighted parents.

As already stated, these necessarily quick exposures of the gelatine film to the action of the light in the camera, are obtained by mechanical means. In the old method, the lens had an outer cap or lid, which the operator removed and held in his hand until the image was secured. This cap is now commonly replaced by what is called an instantaneous shutter, which is placed within the camera. It may be a curtain of thick silk held down by india-rubber straps; a slight pull will raise it for a second, and the straps will immediately draw it back again. Or it may take the form of a little shutter with a slit in it, which will fall on being released by a catch actuated by the pressure of an electric button. Another plan is to blow it open by pneumatic means; the pressure upon an india-rubber ball held in the operator's hand, and connected by a tube with the camera, being sufficient to attain this end. The principal feature in all these contrivances is that the shutter can be acted upon while the sitter is quite unconscious of it. The photographer watches his opportunity, and when he notices that his model is not prepared, and when therefore the features and expression are in repose and natural, the picture is secured.

The really wonderful pictures which are possible by the new process, coupled with these mechanical aids, were well seen in the last autumnal exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain in London, as well as in some which have since been submitted to our inspection. We will select one or two as examples. A group of fishing-boats tossing on gently rolling waves; every ripple of the water being clearly defined, and every spar and rope beautifully reflected on the glassy surface of the sea. This picture deservedly won a prize. Here is another, a silent pool overshadowed by trees. One bright patch of light is reflected from the sky on to the surface of the water, and above that bright background appears a veritable flying swallow, its shadow being cast below! Another prize was rightly bestowed upon some splendid pictures of the noble lions at the Zoological Gardens; every hair seeming to stand out upon their coats with marvellous clearness. Here we have the inverted image of a gunboat in the sky, appearing above a church steeple; this was the effect of a mirage seen at Tenby, and which would have probably disappeared long before an old-style photographer could have had his chemicals ready. Two more pictures may be noticed as examples of the marvellous celerity of the gelatine process. One, a representation of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race in full swing, with its accompanying rabble of steam-boats and rowing-boats of all descriptions. And the other perhaps more extraordinary production—an express-train at full speed, passing through Chiselhurst, on its way to Dover.

The extreme rapidity of the process opens up many new fields to the photographer. Portraits can now be easily and satisfactorily taken in private sitting-rooms; and we need hardly point out that such pictures with home surroundings must have additional charms. Dark interiors of public buildings as well as of private apartments

—and many such apartments in these days of art refinement are veritable gems of beauty—can now be secured in the camera. In the old days, the photographer would have laughed at the possibility of attempting such subjects; but now such feats are accomplished with comparative ease. The figure of a trotting horse in several positions, each position having been photographed while the animal was in quick movement, was recently published. The various positions were said to have been each secured in the two thousandth part of a second. This photography of muscular movements may possibly some day be applied to artistic purposes. What more valuable aid could an artist have than the varied movements of an athlete as he drew a bow or hurled a spear? The increased sensitiveness of the photographic plate will also no doubt be taken advantage of in other branches of science. The spectra of the stars have already been photographed; indeed the art of photography has had more to do with the progress of spectrum analysis generally, than most people are aware of. For instance, one scientist may remark certain lines in his spectroscope which may be totally unseen by another. But upon the photographic plate these lines are represented with unflinching accuracy. The truth of the old aphorism, that 'seeing is believing,' has long been questioned by most thinking people, for they know that sight is as liable to err as other human faculties. But the photographic lens stamps its records upon a retina which never forgets, and which, with due care, cannot make a mistake.

It is evident from what has been stated, that the introduction of the gelatino-bromide process marks quite an important era in photography. As usual, in cases where a new method of working an old art is discovered, there are many who will insist upon sticking to the wet process, just as there are said to be some old stagers—literally old stagers—who refuse to travel by railroad. These maintain that the results of the older method are better than the new, and that the time is not far distant when it will be made as rapid. Should this last prophecy come true, the wet process may perhaps still hold its own; but as we have already pointed out, it will never compete with gelatine in the question of convenience or aptitude for certain classes of work.

## THE EVICTION:

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

### IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

On the following day I was called away to Dublin, where certain rent-deposit business had to be transacted. Under the circumstances, it was desirable that my movements should be known to as few as possible; and save the bailiff, none knew of my departure. I went over to his house in the forenoon; gave the cattle into his charge; told him to keep an eye on things in general, and on Scallan's movements in particular; made my way to the railway station; and caught the train for Dublin. Having arrived there, and transacted the business for which I had come, I was suddenly struck with a happy thought. 'Why not go to the detective office,' said I to myself, 'and put the

matter into the hands of the detectives? The plan may succeed; and even if it does not, it is worth at least a trial.'

I wended my way to Exchange Street—the Scotland Yard of Ireland—and had an interview with one of the officers connected with the secret inquiry service. He was a very gentlemanly looking man, and extremely intelligent. A short time sufficed to put him in possession of all the details of my case; he saw at a glance everything that I wished to explain to him. Scarcely had I finished my recital, when he had his plan of action matured. It was as follows. He would go down to Castle Mahon at once, in the character of a visitor. Major Croker, an old friend of my family, has come over to Ireland on a tour. I meet him at the hotel in Dublin, and of course ask him down to stop a while at my place. He is delighted at the opportunity of seeing something of the Irish peasantry. We arrange to start by the evening train. At the last moment, business has cropped up to detain me in town overnight; the Major runs down to the country before me; and I arrange to follow as early as practicable. I write to the housekeeper, stating who he is, giving her directions to make him comfortable, and so forth.

Such was the plan he sketched out for himself. He informed me at the same time that extreme caution would be necessary; above all, that it was absolutely essential for the success of the scheme that his incognito should be strictly preserved. I was to divulge the secret to no one, not even to the wife of my bosom. It was a perilous game at which he and his coadjutors were playing, and it was only just and right that such precautions should be taken.

In dealing with such an intelligent officer, suggestions would have been idle; it only remained for me to accord with his arrangements *in toto*. He went down to Castle Mahon in his assumed character, on the evening of the same day; and I followed after, two days later. Certain repairs had to be made in my coat of mail; this fact, besides my anxiety to return at an unexpected moment, occasioned my delay in town.

Upon my arrival, I found Major Croker comfortably ensconced in his new quarters. He said he had been looking about him in a general way; but nothing of importance transpiring, he had been unable to attain any definite results from his investigations. However, now that I had returned, things would begin to look a little more lively. For myself, I sincerely wished that they would not. I asked him whether any persons had been inquiring for me. None, he said, except Donnelly the bailiff, who seemed to have something of importance to tell me, if one could judge by the frequency of his visits and the troubled aspect of his countenance. We concluded that it would be well to have him up as soon as possible. I sent a special message, which brought him to the castle half an hour later. I had him ushered into



the private room in which the pseudo-Major and I were sitting; the Major of course, as a friend of the family, not being out of place when such important questions were at issue.

## CHAPTER V.

'Well, Donnelly, what news?' said I cheerily.

'No good news at all at all, Mr Wharton. Last night, sir, no later, three of the bullocks wor houghed, sir, an' a fourth runnin' so lame, that I'm afeard he has got a touch too, sir.'

'I'm very sorry to hear that. But perhaps they got the injury some other way; by leaping over fences or the like?'

'O no, sir; there could be no mistake about it, for me own gossoon Pether caught the fellows doin' it. You see, every mornin' since you wint up to Dublin, I used to get up at sunrise, an' go over to Scallan's meadows to have a look at the bastes; but this mornin' not feelin' too well to stir out, I called Pether, an' he riz in me place an' wint out to see thim. An' shure enough, whin he kem in sight of the place, if there wasn't two min wid their faces blackened a-carvin' away at the blessed cattle! An' the momint they seed him comin', they droppod the game they wor at, an' run like hares, an' him afther thim. An' whin the hindmost of the pair saw that Pether was gainin' on him, what does he do but he turns on the gossoon wid a horse-pistol an' lets fly at him. An' only for an ould bit of a sack that Pether had round his shouldhers, to kape aff the dhrizzlin' rain, he'd a niver cum back to tell the tale; fur the pistol was loaded wid duck-shot an' slugs. But as it wos, it downed him; an' be the time he kem to, the raskils wor clane gone an' disappeared.'

'Bless me, this is a terrible affair! I hope your son was not much injured?'

'Not much, thank God; he was only a bit scarified about the chist—jist skin-deep, that's all. It wor the blessed saints an' the sack saved him.'

'I'm glad to hear that, at all events. But this ham-stringing of cattle is shocking. Is it a usual thing in this neighbourhood? I thought that the Ribbon fraternity confined their tender mercies to the shooting of landlords, land-agents, and such meaner game.'

'No sir; it's not usual here; thanks be to Providence. An' I don't think that this wos done be the residenthers aither. I see a hape of quare-lookin' strangers about the counthry these last few days.'

'Where have you seen them?'

'Well, mostly about the O'Reillys', where Scallan an' the wife is stoppin' since they wor put out. An' av coorse, there's a lot of thim to be found at the public-house convanient; where Scallan, they say, is thratin' all hands wid the money you gev him.'

'I must put a stop to this work, at all risks. Have you any idea of their recent movements?'

'No sir. Av coorse, thim boys wouldn't be for lettin' me know more nor shuits me, an' by the same token, that same doesn't shuit me less or more. I ver since you wint to Dublin, they've been houldin' their meetins to thry the case finally like. I got that out av one of thimselves, who warned

me to fly in time, an' tould me at the same time not to let out that he mintioned it to me; "for," sez he, "I'm your frind; but if I find you iver breathed it to man or mortal," sez he, "I'll be the first man to shoot you meself."

'When was that?'

'The day afther you wint to Dublin, sir. An' forbye that, shure I heerd wid me own ears the blowin' of the death-horn.'

'The death-horn?'

'Yes sir. What they blow at night to call the boys together, whin a murder-case has to be thried. It was fit to dhrive me out of me sinces; for it med me think of poor Mr Park of Grangegorman, that wos shot jist this time twelvemonth—shot sir, in his own dinin'-parlour, forinst his own wife an' family. Ochone! Mr Wharton, to think that I should live to see meself knocked down a dead corp, murdered in cowl'd blood! For me frind tould me that some owld hands—delegates, is what he called thim—has come from all arts an' parts to attend the meetins; an' among the rest, three or four of the very pick of Tipperary.'

So ran the report of Donnelly. It was clear to me that things were approaching the crisis. I resolved to bestir myself, despite Mr Carnegie's caution about venturing out of doors. Doubtless, his advice was good; still, I could not abide the idea of submitting to butchery in a passive manner, like a helpless lamb. And then there was the unfortunate bailiff, in a far worse predicament than myself. It was due to him that I should do something.

A council of war was then held, the Major taking part in our deliberations, such a part of course as a friend of the family would naturally take. Such was that gentleman's caution however, that even before the bailiff, he was anxious to preserve his incognito. The upshot of the debate was that all three of us, the Major, Donnelly, and myself, well armed, sallied out to make a raid upon the O'Reillys' house, where Scallan and his wife had been living since their eviction. It was the headquarters of the enemy. I wanted to shew the country-folk that I was not afraid; I wanted the Major to get a look at the parties, which might be useful in future for purposes of identification; I wanted to take the Scallans to task with regard to their delaying in the country; I wanted to find out how the land lay, as the phrase goes; I wanted to encourage my almost intimidated bailiff. It was deemed advisable that we should keep our weapons out of sight, but yet concealed in such a manner that they could be brought into requisition at a moment's notice. The ostensible purpose of my visit was to adjust some claim with regard to bog which the O'Reillys had made to me. Donnelly, of course, as bailiff was an indispensable adjunct on such an occasion; and the Major was very anxious to see the interior of an Irish cabin.

## CHAPTER VI.

It was still early in the afternoon when we arrived at the O'Reillys' house. Save Mrs O'Reilly, there was none of the family at home. We found her seated by the kitchen-fire, presiding over some cooking operations, which apparently were on a large scale, as if she meant to entertain a goodly number of guests. Beside her sat Mrs Scallan, wife

of the evicted hero. In one corner lay Scallan himself, sleeping away a drunken debauch, or perhaps pretending to do so. In the other, a strange man in the garb of a travelling tinker. At our entrance, both of the women exhibited signs of confusion. As for the men, they retained their recumbent positions with apparent indifference. Addressing Mrs O'Reilly first, I told her that I had come to see about the bog. She said that her husband was out with a lot of men that he had working for him, and that he would not be home till night-fall. As for herself, she could do nothing in the matter; but if it would be all the same to me, she would send him up to the office on the next day. The bog question having been postponed, I proceeded to address myself to Mrs Scallan, who since my entrance had been standing by the side of her chair, fumbling uneasily with the corners of her apron. I did not deem it advisable to say anything to Scallan himself, though he was now sitting up, and striving to attract my attention by certain inarticulate grumbings. So turning my back to the corner which he occupied, I remarked: 'Well, Mrs Scallan, I am surprised to see you here still.'

'We'll go whin we like,' grumbled the occupant of the corner. 'Ajjint nor bailiff won't grind us down no longer—do ye hear? There's bhoys comin' from Tipperary that'll see me all right.'

'What does your husband mean?'

'Och, yer honner, don't be afther mindin' what he sez at all at all,' cried Mrs Scallan in a terror-stricken fashion. 'Shure, it's only fur the carts that meself an' him is waitin', to bring our flittin' away out of the place; an' that'll not be longer than three days at the furdest.'

'As you please, Mrs Scallan; but your money won't stand long at this rate.'

'Is it the money ye'll be wantin' back—yer dirty thirty pounds?—Throw it to him, Biddy. No; ye can't, fur I have it meself. Ay, an' I'll keep it too, to thrate the bhoys wid, the shtroppin' bhoys av Westmeath. I like to stand thrate to daycent fellows—do anythin' at all I want, from pitch-an'-toss to manslaughter.'

'This is going a little too far, Mrs Scallan.'

'Och, Mr Wharton, yer honner, he's out of his twelve sines wid the whiskey to spake to yerself in such a way. An' it's himself'll be sorry about it the morrow whin he comes to. Shure, I'm thryin' hard to get him out of the place as soon as I can; but the naybours come from all arts an' parts to see him afore he goes, an' he hasn't the heart to sind thim home dhry, as long as he has money in his pockets.'

'I have a hundred min in Westmeath that ud die for me this minit. I'm lavin' it; but I want to shew ye that I am a bethter man than any agint or bailiff in the country.—Isn't that a fact, Joss?' added he after a pause, addressing himself to the occupant of the opposite corner.

The latter individual, who had hitherto been perfectly silent, replied to Scallan hurriedly in an undertone and in the Irish language.

'Who is that man?' I asked of Mrs Scallan.

'Shure sir, he's only a thravellin' tinker, sir, that Mrs O'Reilly brought in to mind her kittles. An' a good thradesman he is too, sir; but he doesn't know how to talk a word of English barrin Irish, sir. He's a grand hand at kittles, sir.'

'Ay, an' forbye kittles,' growled the incorrigible again from the corner, 'he's a first-class man in a pinch; yes, he's a friand an' a brother; that's what he is.—Aren't you, Joss, avick?'

Thereupon ensued a dialogue in Irish between Scallan and his friend Joss, under cover of which we thought it advisable to withdraw. Mrs O'Reilly was to send her husband up to the office next day to settle the bog difficulty; and so ended our interview.

'Rather unprepossessing folk those,' remarked the Major, as we quitted the house. 'Certainly not calculated to prepossess one in favour of the Irish character.'

I was too much annoyed to make any reply.

'They're a murderin' lot, the whole jing-bang of thim, an' that's the holy all of it,' interposed the bailiff warmly. 'Did ye undherstand what that other shtrange chap was remarkin' in Irish about yerself, Mr Wharton? If ye didn't, all the bethter; fur it was tarrible.'

'No, Donnelly. Scallan's English was quite enough for me; perhaps a little too much.'

'Do ye believe me what I'm goin' to tell ye, sir? That chap is here for nothin' good. He's no more a tinker than meself, or you, or the Major is. No sir; he's a Tipperary man of the name of Kelly, an' high up in shtripes among the Ribbonmin. He carries the goods. But ye don't know what that manes, av coorse. It manes that he brings the new passwords from one lodge to another through the country. That's what he is, sir. I seen him in this naybourhood afore, sir, when poor Mr Park was shot.'

'Well, it's something to know that; it may be useful in future. In fact, I have a good mind to lodge an information without further delay, and have the whole pack up before a magistrate.'

'Och sir, what good ud that same be? Shure you could make nothin' out of thim, good or bad. They'd jist be afther snappin' their fingers at ye, if ye thried it on wid thim. Why sir, last year there was hardly a week wint by widout an agint or a bailiff bein' popped. An' how many convictions tuk place accordin'? Why, sarra a wan at all at all, sir. They're as knowin' as foxes, sir, an' sarra a grip can ye git on thim.'

'What do you say, Major? You have seen and heard the folks?'

'I am of the same opinion with your man,' replied he curtly.

'Deed an' deed, Mr Wharton, the law and the pōlis is no purtection whatsomdiver. An' if wan of the lot was tuk up, the whole country would gether round the house to murder us all, an' burn us alive preaps into the bargain. An' shure, Mr Wharton, darlint, if you had a hundred pounds to spare, I'd say give me the lind av it, an' let me be af to Ameriky or Liverpool or some other foreign land, before we're all kil't an' massacred. 'Deed an' word, sir, it's aff I'd have been long ago ony for the wife an' the childher. I want to bring thim wid me, fur the ruffins ud slaughter thim whin me back was turned, fur spite that I had got clane away from their claws.'

I was deeply impressed by the bailiff's pathetic appeal. I saw myself in no less helpless a plight; and

A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

I began to reason that if an appeal to the civil

authorities were useless in the present attitude of affairs, it might be made too late at some future time, when agent and bailiff had already fallen victims to the brutality of an organised gang of murderers. Surely it were better to follow my bailiff's example, and fly the accursed land for ever. But then, what would the world say? Public opinion would readily interpret such legitimate caution as cowardice. While I was thus vacillating, I caught the Major's eye fixed upon me in apparent disapproval; for he readily divined the state of my feelings. A look from him settled the business; so I dissembled, and told the bailiff to be calm. I reminded him that we were in a position of trust. Until we were reduced to the direst extremity itself, we would not be justified in abandoning the posts assigned to us. That time at least had not yet come. I sent him home with the assurance that every protection would be afforded him and his family.

When we were once more alone: 'What's your opinion now, Major, about the aspect of affairs?' I asked.

'Time, sir, is all I ask,' he replied. 'Do you merely keep yourself quiet, and trust to me for the rest.'

So we reached Castle Mahon.

Upon our arrival, I found Mr Carnegie there waiting to see me. Having heard about the houghing of the cattle, he had dropped over in a friendly way to learn the exact extent of the damage—which indeed had been greatly exaggerated by the country-folk—and whether there was a probability of bringing the miscreants to justice. I insisted upon his remaining to dinner. I introduced the Major to him, and all three of us spent the evening in a warm discussion of the question. The Major renewed his advocacy of a cautious defensive policy; Mr Carnegie was of the same opinion, and justified it by local experience. It remained for me to subscribe a mild assent. But I felt like Job sitting among his comforters. Some sort of action—no matter what—would have been preferable to the terrible suspense, which racked my very inmost feelings. But feelings apparently counted for nothing with my case-hardened advisers. I felt for once the disadvantage of being an Englishman.

On the stroke of ten our guest rose to leave. By our direction, he looked to his pistols before going out; remarking at the same time in a laughing way, that he at least was quite safe; he might go through any part of the country at any hour of the night. For a short time he stood at the outer door, to repeat his warning to me about venturing abroad; then he bade us good-night, and the great door closed behind him. We had not long regained the dining-room, when we heard the report of a shot fired outside, upon which we rushed back to the door, opened it, and, waiting for a few seconds till the butler procured a lantern, proceeded in the direction of the shot. We found Mr Carnegie lying prostrate on the ground scarcely a hundred paces from the house. He had been shot at! By the light of the lantern, we could see that his features were ashy pale, and that his hand was pressed to his side in the convulsive manner of a man who is suffering mortal agony. To our eager inquiries he could make no answer; he was speechless. The absence

of blood on his person or on the ground, shewed that he had escaped at least the assassin's bullet; but his unconsciousness, his attitude of pain, all the circumstances of the case, made us fear that he had received some serious internal injuries. Carefully lifting him up, we carried him back into the castle, and stretched him on a sofa in the dining-room. We administered stimulants. Soon he opened his eyes. Never shall I forget the look of silent anguish which he cast upon me at that moment! He apparently did not as yet realise the fact that he was surrounded by friends.

We proceeded to make an examination; our every movement being followed by the anxious eyes of the sufferer. The result of it proved that we had been right in our conjecture. The ball had been aimed at his left side. Penetrating his thick ulster and the coat and waistcoat underneath, it had stopped just at the watch-pocket, having failed to reach his person. Never had escape been so narrow! We told him so, and the news reassured him greatly. In a little time he was able to talk to us, but very feebly at first. It appeared that, upon leaving us, he had been going down the avenue at a tolerably brisk pace, when on a sudden he heard a footstep in his rear, as if some one had sallied out from behind a tree. He turned round to see who it was, and observed at a little distance off, a stalwart fellow with a mask on his face in the act of presenting a pistol at him. The next moment he was conscious of a shot being fired; then, of his being hurled with violence to the ground. Then he felt a strange giddiness come over him; and—he knew no more till he found himself in the dining-room. There was no doubt but that our timely arrival had saved his life, so completely was he in the villain's power. The assassin apparently thought that he was dealing with me, from the frequent mention made of my name, accompanied with horrible imprecations.

Such was the gist of Mr Carnegie's statement. Now that the sufferer was sufficiently tranquil, the Major and I sallied out to revisit the scene of the catastrophe. On the walk, the gravel was in a torn-up state, as if a severe struggle had taken place there. Close at hand, lay a recently discharged pistol, and the half-burned shreds of a newspaper, which had probably been used in loading. Beyond these we could discover no evidences of the recent affray. As for the assassin himself, a systematic search would be perfectly idle in such a place and at such an hour. Besides, our delay had given him ample opportunity of getting clear off. So we returned to the castle.

I spoke to the Major about the advisability of calling in the police. To this he objected as a measure practically useless; at the same time hinting, *sotto voce*, that it was quite out of keeping with his plans. I appealed to Mr Carnegie. He was of the same opinion with the Major. In the midst of a population made up of assassins on the one hand and of their sympathisers on the other, the greatest caution was necessary; and in order the more effectually to achieve the ends of justice, the affair would have to be kept a profound secret. We should wait for a clue. When it was found, we could follow it up with effect. I had no relish for such delay. But of course there

was nothing left for me except to acquiesce in the opinion of two such competent authorities. At daybreak, we smuggled Mr Carnegie to his home, in a close carriage.

### MAN-EATING TIGERS.

OUR Indian government, as we have had occasion to mention in former articles, make a practice of publishing yearly a detailed Report shewing the loss of life occasioned among the natives of Hindustan by the ravages of wild beasts, and the still more terrible list of deaths attributable to the bites of venomous snakes and other dangerous reptiles. It is satisfactory to observe that although this melancholy total is still lamentably large, yet that the exertions of the government in recent years to keep down the numbers of wild animals and other pests so destructive to human life in British India have not been without good effect, for the Return last published—that of 1878—shews a steady improvement on those preceding it.

Unfortunately, however carefully these statistics may have been compiled from the information supplied by district officials, they cannot be accepted as altogether complete, or as furnishing the full number of deaths from the above-mentioned causes; and this remark specially applies to deaths from snake-bites. The natives of India are in general exceedingly superstitious, and are great believers in *kismet* or fate; and it is surprising how little notice is taken of any unfortunate who may be bitten, and in a few hours carried off, by the bite of some deadly snake. In large towns or villages under the direct supervision of the police the circumstance would undoubtedly be reported to the officer in charge of the district; but in out-of-the-way parts like the wilds of Central India—and still more so in large independent states such as Rewah and Gwalior—hundreds of poor creatures yearly perish whose deaths are not returned under the true heading.

Although the great majority of deaths—which have reached the enormous number of twenty thousand in a single year—included in this gloomy Report are rightly put down to the terrible bite of the cobra, the krait, or other venomous snakes, yet in spite of large rewards offered for their extermination, we learn that panthers, and others of the *felida*, as also bears and wolves, still roam through the jungles, and that tigers still carry off human beings. Happily, in our times this majestic creature, the royal tiger, is less common than formerly was the case, and indeed in many parts where once he ruled king of the jungles, he has now, from being constantly hunted and shot down, become almost if not altogether extinct. Still, in the wilder and more hilly tracts of country, or in parts where the forest, on account of the swampy nature of the soil, has not been cleared away, and where the land has not been brought into a state of cultivation, tigers yet hold sway, and constantly prey upon the herds of the poor

natives. These cattle-devouring tigers, however, though by their constant depredations they prove to be a sore tax and a source of constant dread to the people of the country, will yet, if left unmolested, as a rule seldom take to man-killing. And it may here be mentioned that it is a common mistake to imagine that the tiger, savage and blood-thirsty by nature as he undoubtedly is, will readily attack human beings, the exact contrary being the case. The tiger, like all other wild animals, has an instinctive fear of man; and unless pressed by hunger, provoked, or come upon suddenly face to face, when on the spur of the moment, and more from fear than anything else, he will sometimes make use of his terrible powers—the animal will on meeting a human being almost invariably turn aside from the path, and with a surly growl quietly slink off into the thicket. But if such is the general character of the royal tiger, how then, it will naturally be asked, is this lamentable loss of life yearly laid to his charge to be accounted for? and this question we will endeavour to answer.

We often read and hear about man-eating tigers; but most fortunately these terrible creatures, once so common, are nowadays exceedingly rare in British India. Probably not one tiger in a hundred is a professional man-eater. Now and again, however, one is heard of, generally speaking in Central India, or further south, towards the Madras Presidency. When once a tiger takes to devouring human beings, he will seldom touch any other prey; and consequently, unless the detestable monster be speedily sought out and destroyed by some English sportsman or native hunter (*shikary*), the awful roll of victims continues to increase with alarming rapidity, till at length many scores of poor creatures are carried off in a comparatively short space of time by a single animal. The husbandman ploughing his field is taken away in broad daylight. The village maiden on her way to the river with her water-pitcher, disappears mysteriously. The watchman posted to scare the flocks of parrots from the ripening corn, returns not at sundown.

In vain the poor oppressed villagers endeavour, by taking increased precautions during the day-time and securely barring their doors at night-fall, to guard against their common enemy. For a few days, perhaps for a whole week, nothing is seen of the tiger, and once more the inhabitants venture forth and resume their daily occupations. A renewed sense of security begins to be felt, mingled with a hope that the animal may have departed elsewhere; but the probabilities are that the cunning creature may yet be lurking in the neighbourhood, and only watching for a favourable opportunity to spring upon a fresh victim. Again the terrible foe, now grown bold from uninterrupted success, suddenly appears, and carries off yet another human being from the devoted village. At length matters reach a pass beyond all human endurance; a panic seizes upon the terror-stricken inhabitants, and hastily packing up their goods and chattels, they desert the spot, driving before them their flocks and herds, and depart *en masse* for some neighbouring town, leaving their humble dwellings to fall to ruin, and the ripe crops to perish unharvested in the fields.



This is no exaggerated picture ; though happily it is, as already mentioned, becoming rarer. Still, scenes of misery such as we have described have frequently occurred amidst the wilds of Rajputana, in the Nagpore country, and in other districts bordering on Central India. Not only have individual villages been thus rendered uninhabitable for a time by the ravages of a single tiger, but in former days it was nothing uncommon to hear of several large villages being depopulated by these animals.

It is one of the many onerous duties incumbent on the magistrate and collector of a district to check by every means in his power the inroads of wild animals in his particular circle. Ever since the Mutiny of 1857, our Indian subjects have been disarmed ; though, generally speaking, in villages bordering upon a forest country, one or two of the inhabitants are licensed to carry a matchlock ; but this rude weapon, though useful in driving off crop-devouring deer and wild-hogs after nightfall, is altogether unsuited for tiger-shooting ; consequently, when a roaming man-eater makes his appearance, and begins to make a practice of carrying off human beings, the poor country-people are altogether powerless, and unable to cope with their fell oppressor without the aid of their European masters. It then becomes the bounden duty of the magistrate or one of his subordinates to take immediate steps for their rescue.

Probably the district officer himself, or his police-officer, is a sportsman ; if so, one or the other of them will at once take the field, pitch his camp somewhere near the tiger's stronghold, and in conjunction with the village people, use every endeavour to destroy the animal. Sometimes their efforts are successful ; but often the contrary is the case ; and in spite of the most carefully devised plans, the hunters are thwarted again and again by the extreme cunning so often displayed by the wily game. Unlike the generality of tigers, which during the hot-weather months can usually be discovered in certain favourite spots, and when once marked down are driven out and destroyed with comparatively little difficulty, the man-eater is almost invariably a skulking coward, who, as if conscious of his evil deeds, is ever suspicious and on his guard against danger, seldom shewing fight, even when closely pursued, fired at, and driven into a corner, and sneaking off on hearing the first shout of the beaters.

Not the least pleasing among the attractions of tiger-shooting is the value and extreme beauty of the trophies of the chase ; and there are few prizes more coveted by the young Anglo-Indian sportsman or more carefully preserved when gained than the glossy striped coat of his first royal tiger ; but the man-eater, when at last he has been out-manceuvred and met with his just deserts by a well-aimed rifle-bullet, seldom presents a prepossessing appearance. It may be a thin under-sized tigress, in poor condition, and altogether wanting the elastic form and graceful beauty of her sex ; or perhaps an old decrepit male tiger, with decayed fangs and mangy hide, the latter hardly worth the stretching. But in spite of this drawback, which, however, is not always the case, the true sportsman who, after many disappointments, at length comes off victorious, and rids the country

of the most terrible of all wild beasts, feels within him the sensation of having done a really good action, which more than repays him for the time and trouble he has taken.

### LIVING BY THE WITS.

SOME time ago, professional pursuits took me about thirty miles from home, and kept me there until I had just time to catch the last return train. Although I knew every inch of the road, yet I somehow had made a false turn, the consequence of which was that albeit I made more haste than was prudent to retrieve lost time, I had the mortification of seeing the red light of the tail-lamp of the train pass out of sight around a sharp curve of the line. Coming to a dead-stand, I said (to myself I imagined) : 'There ! I'm in for it now. What is to be done ?'

'Make the best of a bad job, sir,' said a voice at my elbow in a cheerful tone.

Looking round, I saw a middle-aged and kind-looking farmer, who seemed to regard my loss of the train with compassion ; for before I had time to reply, he said : 'There's many a worse case existing at this moment than yours, friend ; the saddest part of it is the disappointment of friends at home.'

'That's the very thing that troubles me,' I said ; 'for I know I cannot wire my loss of train to them.'

'Bring your mind to your circumstances, friend,' was the philosophical advice of my newly-found acquaintance. Then added : 'As for yourself, you need not be long in suspense ; for if you can put up with such accommodation as my house affords, you are welcome to it. What say you ?'

Seeing that nothing better could be done, I gratefully went with my friend-in-need ; and in about ten minutes I found myself at the door of the moderately sized farm-house of Mr Samuel Pitchforth. As we were about to enter, we almost stumbled over a man who was in the act of knocking at the door. He turned out to be a broker from the market-town at which I had done business, about two miles off, and had come respecting some furniture which my host had spoken to him about. It was not much past nine o'clock ; and as the newcomer had ridden in a light-cart, he was not in haste to return ; so it was not long before we all three were snugly seated in the farmer's best room, chatting merrily.

'I'll tell you what, Pitchforth,' said the broker in a somewhat testy tone ; 'I have hardly got over the effects of a bad bargain I made the other day ; it affects my feelings yet, and will do so, I guess, for a day or two longer.'

'It must be something serious, Barker,' replied our host, 'to affect you so much. I hope it won't drive you into the Insolvency Court.'

'I'm not afraid of its doing that,' said Barker. 'It is not the amount of money I've lost, as the thought that I've been *done*, that troubles me. I thought I was up to every kind of trick that could be played off on me, and so believed that I could not be taken in by the cleverest rogue ; hence the fact that I've been swindled does not sit lightly on my mind, I can tell you.'

My host laughed heartily as he good-naturedly

replied: 'And so Jemmy Barker has met his match in craft and cunning!'

'He has indeed,' said Barker with a sigh and a few reconciling nods of his head.

'Come, come, Barker boy, cheer up!' said Pitchforth; 'even you may live and learn. But come; let us hear the tale of Diamond cut Diamond, and I will supplement it by relating a story of sharp dealing in which I was lately concerned.'

Barker, who was smoking his well-seasoned pipe, looked significantly towards the table, where it was pretty clear he had expected to see the usual accompaniments of a well-to-do farmer's sociality; but as they did not meet his gaze, he seemed ill-disposed to comply with our host's request. It was also equally clear that the latter had suffered a temporary lapse of memory; for uttering a good-natured exclamation, he asked me to be kind enough to touch the bell at my elbow. This was enough to put Barker into good-humour and a talking mood; for while the maid who answered the bell was getting the decanter and glasses laid on the table, the broker was refilling his pipe with complacent face. When he had got his pipe well a-going, he spoke as follows:

'I need not tell you, neighbour Pitchforth, that I am not so thin-skinned as many folks respecting what is called cheating the revenue; for if I can buy a bit of contraband on the sly, I scruple not to do so; and as the case in hand is one of that sort, you may be ready to say that I am right served. Well, I am not disposed to argue the point with you, but will just tell you the story as it occurred. It was last market-day morning. I was standing at my door, looking down the street, when a man rushed past me into my shop bearing a small keg or barrel on his shoulder. Lifting it off and placing it on my counter, he said in much haste: "Friend, do me the favour of letting this stop here an hour or so. It is a couple of gallons of brandy which has not done duty to the Queen. I have brought it at the request of a gentleman who promised to meet me here at ten o'clock. I've been all through the market looking for him, but have not found him. Just now, I got a glimpse of the exciseman; and as he has some little knowledge of me that is not good, I became afraid of being seen by him; so if you will let the keg abide here while I look for its purchaser, I will do you a good turn some time."

"You may put the barrel on the floor, and leave it there," I said. "But mind, if the exciseman should come and ask about it, I'll not say that it is mine."

"It will have to take its chance, friend," he replied, and went his way.

'About three o'clock in the afternoon he came back. Rubbing his hands as he looked down upon the barrel, he exclaimed: "Good, good! So the receiver of the Queen's revenue has not found you out. So far so good." Then looking me in the face, he said: "I've had my trouble for nothing; my customer has not turned up. What to do with the keg of brandy, I know not." Then after a pause, he asked: "Will you buy it, friend? It is a drop of as good brandy as ever went into anybody's mouth. Come, you shall taste it. Just fetch a glass!"

'Having no objection to his offer, I got a glass.

Taking a small tap out of his pocket, and driving it into the taphole with a piece of wood he saw near him, he soon had drawn a glass, which he handed to me. It was really first-rate brandy.

"Now," said the rascal (I can call him by no better name), "as you have done me a good turn to-day, I'll put a few shillings into your pocket in the way of trade. You shall have this two-gallon keg of brandy for a sovereign."

'The brandy was dirt-cheap at that price. I knew where I could sell it, if I wished; so giving the fellow the money, I took my purchase into the cellar. At night, after I had shut up my shop, I bethought me of the brandy. Thinks I: "I'll keep it for my own use and comfort; and as it is not often we indulge, I'll draw myself and wife a glass; it will make us a good nightcap." So getting a couple of tumblers, I went down into the cellar, and soon drew a glass of brandy. But when I began to draw a second, scarce a drop could I get. "How's this?" I exclaimed, and gave the barrel a shake. It sounded all right. But not another drop would flow. "There's something wrong in the state of Denmark," I exclaimed aloud, and waxed very wroth.'

'That's just like you, Barker,' said my host, who seemed as if he had a license to say to him what he liked.

'Like or not like,' he replied, 'I was resolved to bottom the mystery. So putting the barrel on an end, I knocked off a hoop and took out one of the staves of the lid. I was almost petrified at what I saw. The barrel was nearly full of Adam's ale—clear water. "Where in the world did the brandy come from?" I exclaimed. Pouring out the water not in the best of tempers, the mystery stood explained before me. A tin tube had been fixed, one end in the bung-hole, the other end in the taphole; this had been filled with good liquor—scarcely half a pint. All the rest of the space contained water.'

There was such adroitness combined with novelty in this trick, that both my host and I burst into a loud laugh.

Erelong our host said: 'You are a wiser if not a happier man, friend Barker.'

'I have no doubt you both are saying inwardly: "The biter was bit, and serve him right;" but it has been a nettlesome piece of business to me, I assure you. However, it's among accomplished facts now, and so let it rest there.—But now, Pitchforth, let's have your story. It's dry work talking and smoking, I find,' concluded Barker, emptying and refilling his glass.

'My story,' began Pitchforth, 'is of another order, though it relates to an impostor who would have come over me to the tune of twenty-five pounds if I had not been too sharp for him. The facts are these. I had bred a fine young horse, which I valued at twenty-five pounds. Having no use for him, and needing a little ready cash, I took him to Sheffield fair to sell. I had stood all day without effecting a sale, when just as I was about to leave the fair, a fine good-looking man in top-boots and a velvet coat, with a riding-whip in his hand, stepped up and asked the price of my horse. I replied: "Twenty-five pounds." "I'll give you twenty-three pounds," he said. Thinking that I could not do better, as the fair was near its close, I closed in with his offer. He then took out his pocket-book, and presented me with

an accommodation bill for twenty-five pounds, and asked for the change.

"What is this, friend?" I said, looking at the paper.

"It is a genuine bill of exchange, which any bank will readily discount," was his reply.

"I don't know that," I said; and added: "Besides, the banks are closed for the day, so I can't test your paper. But," I said—a thought striking me—"if you will go with me to my house, where you can stay for the night, and my neighbours approve of the bill, I'll ratify the bargain." To this proposal he readily agreed; and mounting the horse I had offered to sell him, and I my mare, we trotted off from Sheffield. We had eighteen miles to travel; but as the evening was a fine one and our horses were in good fettle, we did very well. On crossing Criggleston Common, however, I felt rather timid, for the thought came—"What is there to hinder your companion making off with the horse he is riding, or, for the matter of that, giving you a knock-down blow, and escaping with both horses?" However, he did neither, and we reached home all right. We had a merry time of it, for he was a capital talker, full of horse-dealing adventure and other kinds of anecdote; and as we both made pretty free with the gin-bottle, we went to bed tolerably happy.

Next morning, I took the bill to such of my neighbours as were likely to advise me concerning it. Some said: "Take it; it is right enough;" others said just the contrary. The dealer in horse-flesh, however, grew impatient at my delay, and at last became cross; so yielding to the weight of advice given me, I closed with the bargain; and away trotted the horse with its new master on his back. He had not been long gone, however, before I began to feel uneasy, especially as my daughter, who was among the dissentients, continued to give me upbraiding looks. At last I got so wretched that I could not rest; so sending a man to saddle my horse, and hastily putting on my riding-suit, I set off after the horse-dealer as fast as my steed could gallop. I met one and another of my acquaintances, who really thought I had either gone mad or was trying to play Johnny Gilpin. But I neither stopped nor wavered until I came in sight of my quarry, who was giving his horse a drink at a roadside trough. I had marked out my course as I had gone along; so, pulling up at his side, I asked him quite calm-like, if he would buy another horse.

"Yes, if you will take another bill," was his reply.

"Then let us talk the matter over in a quiet way," I said.

Presently, seizing the bridle of the horse I had sold to the man, I said: "I rue the bargain we made a while ago; here is your bill; dismount, and give me my change." He was so nettled, that he lifted his hand threateningly.

"There's another that can play at that game, my man," I said.

I know not what would have been the issue of this burst of passion, had not Mr Turnbull the brewer ridden up at that moment. To him I related the matter in dispute and shewed the bill.

"You can claim this man's presence at a bank while you present the bill," said Mr Turnbull;

"and my advice is, both of you ride on to Sheffield, and have the bill discounted or rejected as it may turn out to be good or bad.—Your friend"—addressing me—"can't reasonably object to this proposal."

The dealer in horse-flesh thought it best to fall in with this suggestion; and so we continued on our way. We had not gone far, however, before he came to a dead-stand, and making some lame excuse for not going on with the agreement, he offered, amid a host of angry expressions, to dissolve the bargain if I would allow something for loss of time. To this I agreed, and so we parted, but not before I had exhorted him to cease living by his wits and work like an honest man.

"I can't say exactly, but I think it was about three months after this that I took the same horse to Rotherham fair. As I was entering the fair-ground, I was astounded by a sight which met my gaze: there was the identical horse-dealer gyved to two policemen! Our eyes met. Drawing up my horse as the procession passed, I said aloud: "Did not I tell you that you would come to this, and advised you to work for your living as an honest man?"

"Too late! too late!" was the wretch's response.

I watched the newspapers, to see the end of this matter. I found out that the rascal's name was Hunt; that he had been long wanted by the police for frauds of various kinds, and that for them he soon after got seven years' penal servitude.

This recital ended, Mr Barker took his leave, and soon after we went to bed.

I have had no reason to regret my having missed the train at Greenhead Station on that well-remembered night.

#### SHAM BUTTER.

OLEO-MARGARINE, otherwise 'butterine,' otherwise 'bosh,' really only animal grease in disguise, is the outcome of an ingenious Frenchman's notion that the butter diffused through the milk of the cow is due to the absorption of the animal's fat. Taking some minced beef-suet, a few fresh sheep's stomachs cut into small pieces, carbonate of potash, and water, M. Mège subjected the mixture to a heat of a hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit; and so, by the action of the pepsine in the sheep's stomachs, separated the fat from the other tissues. By hydraulic pressure this fat was again separated into stearine and margarine; and putting ten pounds of the latter into a churn with four pints of milk, three pints of water, and a little arnatto, M. Mège succeeded in turning out a compound sufficiently like butter to pass for that article.

Whether he had produced a deleterious stuff, containing the germs of disease and of all manner of loathsome parasites, as one set of scientific experts pronounced; or something far more wholesome than half the real butter in the market, as another set emphatically declared, was of little moment to the discoverer, so long as the thing was likely to prove profitable. He patented his process; and found no difficulty in selling licenses to work it in France, England, Holland, Germany, and America.

In the last-named country the manufacture of oleo-margarine developed so quickly and so enormously, that our own Board of Trade thought it necessary to request Mr Archibald, the British Consul-general in New York, to furnish all the information he could obtain respecting the manufacture and exportation of mock-butter.

His Report has been printed, and is now before us. From it we learn that the sole right to issue licenses for the making of oleo-margarine by Mège's process lies with the American Dairy Company, which has already granted such licenses to factories in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Haven, and New York. One or two outsiders have embarked in the business without troubling themselves about paying for the right to do so; but the bulk of the trade is in the hands of the licensed firms—the Commercial Manufacturing Company, of New York, taking the lead, and being the largest manufacturers of mock-butter in the world.

In his Report, Mr Archibald says: 'The Commercial Manufacturing Company commenced operations in 1876, and their business soon attained considerable proportions, as much as half a million pounds of fat per week having been converted by them into oleo-margarine or oleo-margarine butter, which at the rate of two and a half pounds of fat to one pound of oil, would produce two hundred thousand pounds of oil or butter. This rate of production was maintained up to the middle of 1877, when it fell off, owing to two causes: one being the passage of an Act of the New York state legislature forbidding the sale of "oleo-margarine butter" as butter; and the other, the generally lower prices which have prevailed for butter during the past two years, which at times have rendered the manufacture of oleo-margarine butter unremunerative. For it is stated that when the retail price of genuine butter falls below twenty-three cents a pound, it does not pay to manufacture imitation butter. The average wholesale price procured here for oleo-margarine oil and butter since 1876, has been thirteen cents per pound for the oil, and fifteen cents a pound for the butter.'

'During the past two years, the quantity of fat manufactured into oleo-margarine and oleo-margarine butter by the Commercial Manufacturing Company has been about two hundred thousand pounds per week, yielding eighty thousand pounds of oil and butter. Of this, about seventy-five per cent., or sixty thousand pounds per week, was the oil product "oleo-margarine," all of which was exported in barrels or tierces, for the most part under the name of "oleo-margarine," but sometimes as "butter-fat," or simply as "oil." This would give a yearly exportation by this Company alone of about three million pounds; but it is estimated that nearly an equal quantity is now being made by the outside manufacturers, so that the total quantity of oleo-margarine exported from this port may be stated in round numbers as about six million pounds annually.'

Besides this quantity of oil for making mock-butter, a large quantity of the butter itself is exported, the United Kingdom coming in for the greater portion. Sometimes this is shipped as butter-grease, butter-fat, oleo-margarine, butterine, 'or possibly as butter itself.' Very possibly indeed, we should say, since the article is put

up in half-butts or firkins in precisely the same way as butter; or made up into pound 'pats,' covered by muslin or thin cotton wrappers, stamped as genuine butter is stamped, and packed in boxes. We have seen it in this last shape and in the form of rolls in some London shops, ticketed one shilling a pound; while in others it is retailed under its proper name at tenpence and ninepence.

For the 'oil,' the great bulk finds its way to Germany and Holland, enabling the latter to keep up its reputation as a butter-producing country without troubling to keep up its stock of cows. Rotterdam receives the chief portion of the shipments of the Commercial Manufacturing Company; from thence the oil is sent to a place called Oss. There it is mixed with a certain proportion of milk, to give it a taste of the flavour of real butter, coloured to make the outward resemblance perfect, and then converted by churning into butterine. This butterine the Hollanders re-ship to France and England. Most of it comes here direct, to be sold as Best Dutch Butter; and what does go to France, eventually appears in our market as the product of the dairies of Normandy and Brittany, side by side with tubs of Irish butter, hailing originally from the same American factory.

These facts suggest the propriety of every housewife looking carefully into the nature of the butter she is in the habit of purchasing—her best protection possibly being that of dealing only with tradesmen on whom perfect reliance can be placed.

#### A SUMMER DAY.

The flowers lay sleeping beneath the dew—  
But the Mother had watched the whole night through.

The wild sweet carol of one small bird  
Was the sound that the weary watcher heard.

And the Summer dawn grew into the Morn,  
But still she sat weeping beside her first-born.

Life was fading from cheek and brow,  
And the Mother's heart was hopeless now.

Not one sound in the chamber of death  
Was heard—save the Maiden's labouring breath;

No word of murmur the Mother spake;  
Silent and calm are the hearts that break.

Morning passed—and the Noon so still  
Bathed in warm loveliness wood and hill.

Slumbrous airs from the West went by,  
And the Mother watched for her child to die.

Afternoon came—and the Maiden lay  
Lifeless and soulless—a mould of clay!

Rain came down as from eyes that wept,  
Watching was over—the Maiden slept.

Through the quiet falling of evening rain  
The bird's soft carol stole in again!

Then the Mother said—'Tis a message for me,  
To tell me, O child, that 'tis well with thee!

And the Summer day ended, for 'late or long,  
Every day weareth to even-song.' J. H.

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